Chapter 1266: My Heart Really Can't Take It Anymore!

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The faces of those who were previously defeated by Zhang Xuan turned red.

While their strength couldn't be compared with Conquerors of Ten, they were still figures who had braved through many battles, and their fighting prowess were superior to ordinary cultivators… Yet, the other party was still able to defeat them consecutively and yet still have the energy to put on an act… Where were they supposed to put their pride and dignity now?

But thinking about it, there were indeed such people in this world. For one, Hong Yang definitely had the strength to defeat all ten of them twice each without getting exhausted at all.

Could the person whom they had fought with earlier possess such strength as well?

Everyone turned their gazes over to Zhang Xuan, wanting to see if what Hong Yang had said was true. But what they found themselves faced with were a pair of hollow eyes, a weakly trembling body, and a face which suggested that the young man was going to lose consciousness at any moment soon.

“I don’t have such strength…” Zhang Xuan shook his head weakly. “I can hardly remain standing at the moment, how am I to fight with you?”

He was currently in the Ring of Death of the black market, where schemes and deception were a huge taboo. If he were to admit that he had been putting on an act previously, he could very well bring great trouble upon himself.

“You don’t have a say in this matter. I, Hong Yang, will fight anyone I want. No one can sway my decision!” Hong Yang declared with compelling authority as he took a step forward.

Boom!

A powerful surge of zhenqi suddenly permeated the entire ring, exerting immense pressure on Zhang Xuan. It carried a threatening intent behind it, as if saying that regardless Zhang Xuan liked it or not, this was a battle he wouldn’t be able to escape from.

“You’re too much!” Zhang Xuan stiffened his neck in indignation.

“I’m too much?” Hong Yang mocked before shaking his head. “Make your move. I suggest that you go all out, or else there’s no way you will be stepping out of this ring alive!”

After which, Hong Yang raised his hand, and a bundle of zhenqi began gathering furiously above his palm.

“Given how bent Hong Yang is on fighting against that newcomer, a battle should be inevitable. Who do you think will win?”

“Do you even need to ask? It’s obvious it’s Hong Yang! I shall stake everything on him!”

“I’m also going to stake on Hong Yang as well. His battle style is exceptionally brutal, and he would even rip a life person into shreds callously… Even if that newcomer was putting on an act before, he still won’t be able to avoid the fate of being torn in two!”

“More like torn in four!”

“Well, no matter how many pieces he is torn into, there’s no doubt that the newcomer dead meat…”

…

Upon hearing Hong Yang’s words, the faces of the spectators flushed crimson in excitement.

“Time to place my bet…” Amidst the crowd, Zhang Jiuxiao also had his fists clenched tightly in agitation as well.

In the earlier few rounds, the highest payout had only been a little more than 1:2, but owing to Hong Yang's fearsome reputation, the payout should be able to rise to whole new heights this round.

Zhang Jiuxiao walked over to the betting table, and as he had expected, the payout for Zhang Xuan's victory had already increased beyond 1:10!

In other words, nearly every single person here had betted on Hong Yang's victory! No one thought that Zhang Xuan would be able to emerge victorious in the duel!

"We have really struck it rich this time!" With hands trembling uncontrollably in excitement and delight, Zhang Jiuxiao passed a storage ring over. "I'll bet 1800 concentrated high-tier spirit stones on Zhang Xuan's victory!"

"You are going to bet on Zhang Xuan?" the staff in charge of managing the bets asked in disbelief. Shaking his head, he quickly processed Zhang Jiuxiao's bet.

If no one were to bet on Zhang Xuan, how would their black market earn money?

Without a doubt, that fellow was bound to lose his 1800 concentrated high-tier spirit stones…

While the spectators were excitedly making their bets, on the ring, Hong Yang looked at the young man before him and said, "Make your move!"

"Why don't we just forget it? I won't be a match for you anyway…" Zhang Xuan shook his head.

"Like I said, you don't have a say in this matter!" Seeing that the young man was still rejecting him, Hong Yang couldn't be bothered to waste his words anymore.

Hula!

With a cold sneer, Hong Yang charged forward with astounding momentum. In just an instant, he was already right before Zhang Xuan.

His stature was truly towering. Standing next to him, Zhang Xuan appeared to be nothing more than a child.

Without any hesitation, Hong Yang smashed his fist down toward Zhang Xuan, and a ferocious gale whipped up in the surroundings. A slight rumbling sound reminiscent of thunder could be heard in the air, hinting at the immense might that was packed behind that punch. From the looks of it, if that punch were to land, there was no doubt that Zhang Xuan would be reduced into meat paste.

On the other hand, seeing how Hong Yang didn't even hesitate before making his move, Zhang Xuan felt deeply exasperated.

As expected of one who had undergone multiple life-and-death battles, Hong Yang's instincts were truly keen.

Zhang Xuan was confident in his disguise, and the fact that the crowd was only slightly doubtful of his strength even after he had won round after round bore testimony to how lifelike his disguise was. Yet, Hong Yang was still able to see right through him, remaining firmly convinced that he was putting on a disguise no matter how he protested.

Without a doubt, Hong Yang was a formidable figure.

"Forget it…"

Feeling the immense might crushing down on him, Zhang Xuan knew that there was no avoiding this battle anymore. Sighing deeply, he took a step to the side.

Huala!

It was just a small step, but it allowed Zhang Xuan to narrowly avoid the other party's downward punch.

"Hmph!"

Hong Yang redirected the lingering strength behind his smashing punch into a sideward hook, adamantly tracing Zhang Xuan's figure with his offense.

"What a swift transformation!" Zhang Xuan was astonished.

Had it been any other opponent, his Infinitesimal Maneuver method of dodging would have surely caused the other party's attack to fall empty. Yet, Hong Yang's reflexes and flexibility were so powerful that he could actually change his movements at a whim fluidly, as if he had planned it right from the start! Even Hall Master Xing might not be capable of pulling off something like that!

"He can almost catch up with a third of me… Incredible!" Surprised, Zhang Xuan did a rough mental calculation.

It was already extremely formidable for a challenger of an underground ring to be able to match a third of his reflexes and speed.

Knowing that it would be hard for him to avoid Hong Yang's sideward hook, Zhang Xuan exhaled deeply and pushed his chest inward, making himself as thin as the width of a fist.

This was a unique battle technique that was used to avoid close-quarter attacks.

Even an ordinary human would be able to push their chest in significantly by exhaling deeply, let alone a cultivator.

By withdrawing his zhenqi into his dantian and using the surrounding air to compress his chest, it was possible for a cultivator to reduce his size significantly.

In a battle between experts, even the smallest difference in the distance could cause a vast difference in the outcome. Through using this move, Zhang Xuan successfully dodged Hong Yang's sideward hook.

However, Hong Yang's offense didn't stop just there. He immediately changed his punch into a palm to strike down on Zhang Xuan.

In the first place, his hand was already extremely close to Zhang Xuan's chest. If Zhang Xuan were to be struck by that palm strike, his heart could very well be pierced through, resulting in instantaneous death.

Just as everyone thought that there was no way Zhang Xuan could possibly dodge this move, perhaps it was out of resignation or exhaustion, Zhang Xuan's caved in chest abruptly bounced back up.

As if an inflated ball, it coincidentally collided with Hong Yang's approaching palm and successfully deflected it aside.

Following which, Zhang Xuan stepped forward and raised his hand, preparing to strike Hong Yang's face.

It was the same move he had used to subdue his previous opponents!

"Hm?" Not expecting that Zhang Xuan would be able to launch a counterattack despite his relentless assault, Hong Yang's eyes narrowed his eyes in surprise.

Even though his earlier assault may appear to be simple on the exterior, it was actually his famed Triple Chain Assault. This was the technique he had used to down countless tough opponents, and even Conquerors of Ten hadn't been able to survive the second strike of his Triple Chain Assault.

Yet, not only did the young man successfully dodge all three maneuvers, he even managed to launch a counterattack! Just like what he had guessed before, the young man was indeed no ordinary opponent.

In this moment, Hong Yang couldn't help but feel deeply excited within.

He swiftly raised his other hand, wanting to fend off the young man's slap. But contrary to his expectations, the young man right before him shot him a peculiar smile instead.

All of a sudden, Hong Yang felt a bout of dizziness assaulting his head, and his body staggered backward weakly.

"Crap, it's a terpsichorean art…" Hong Yang's widened his eyes in astonishment.

That other party's smile was actually one of the famed techniques of terpsichores—Hundred Flowers Bloom!

It was said that the person who had created this technique was an incredible beauty amongst the terpsichores more than ten thousand years ago. Just a returning smile of hers could send one's heart throbbing uncontrollably, and in that instant, it would be as if the rest of the world had turned colorless!

Those who had fallen for the technique would find themselves consumed in a trance, thus losing their fighting prowess.

But… wasn't this a technique which only women could use?

How could a man like Zhang Xuan use it as well, and to look so moving on top of that…

Feeling that his mind was swiftly descending into confusion, Hong Yang hurriedly bit his tongue to restore some rationality back into his head. However, it was already too late. Zhang Xuan's slap was already right before his eyes.

For some reason, those five fingers felt like towering mountains to Hong Yang. He felt that he would never be able to avoid the slap no matter how he struggled.

Pah!

A resounding 'pah!' echoed on the ring, and a palm was clearly imprinted on Hong Yang's swollen face.

"You…" Feeling the stinging pain on his face, Hong Yang felt so frenzied that he could lose his mind at this very instant.

He was the Conqueror of Hundred of the underground black market, but he ended up being slapped in the ring so easily… This was a huge humiliation to him!

"I'll rip you into shreds!" Roaring furiously, Hong Yang was just about to make his move when the young man abruptly retreated eight steps backward.

As if he had depleted all of his strength, the young man's body trembled uncontrollably, and it looked as if he would collapse onto the ground at any moment. "I told you that I

have already come to the limit of my body, and I won't be able to fight with you anymore. Let's just forget it. I really am not a match for you…"

"You…" Hong Yang felt as if his mind was about to explode.

Right after literally giving me a tight slap in my face, you want to call the duel off and retreat unscathed? How can there be something that convenient in the world?

Furthermore, you aren't a match for me? If you still aren't a match for me after nearly crippling me, if you were really a match for me, wouldn't I be killed in an instant?

Boom!

Unable to hold back his rage, Hong Yang dashed forward furiously for Zhang Xuan.

This time, he decided to go all out. He adeptly weaved his zhenqi with his fingers, crafting a massive cage around them.

"Hong Yang is getting serious!"

"Once he gets serious, there's bound to be a cold corpse lying in his wake…"

“It was just a lucky slap earlier. That fellow can’t possibly be so lucky the next time around too…”

A commotion broke out on the spectator stand.

Earlier, when Hong Yang was slapped by the newcomer, everyone was stunned for an instant, causing the spectator stand to fall deathly silent. However, seeing that Hong Yang had flown into a rage, excited cheerings began resounding once more.

Hula!

A might which seemed to harness sufficient strength to sway even the heavens themselves gathered in Hong Yang’s palm as he callously thrust it toward Zhang Xuan.

As a person who had been crowned as the Conqueror of Hundred in the Ring of Death, his fighting prowess was truly not one to be underestimated.

Facing the other party’s attack, Zhang Xuan took a step back before twisting his body, nimbly dodging Hong Yang’s powerful palm strike. After which, he raised his palm once more.

It was the exact same movement as before. He was preparing to send another slap toward Hong Yang’s face!

“You want to use the same move against me twice? Dream on!” Seeing that it was the same old move, Hong Yang was suddenly reminded of the previous insult he had suffered. He bellowed furiously as he sent another palm strike to meet the young man’s slap.

But just as their palms were about to collide with one another, the young man before him suddenly sent him another bewitching smile.

This smile was even more radiant than the one before.

In an instant, Hong Yang felt the sight before him blurring as another bout of dizziness assaulted his head. The palm strike he had pushed forward in order to fend off Zhang Xuan’s slap also came to an abrupt halt, freezing in midair.

Padah!

Another burst of fiery pain stung Hong Yang's face as his body revolved twice on the spot from the sheer might behind the slap.

"AHHHHHHHHHH!" Awakening from his trance, Hong Yang clutched his hair in fury.

With a furious roar, he was just about to dash forward to return the favor to the young man when the latter's helpless voice suddenly sounded once more, "Like I said, my body has really reached its limit. I am in no state to fight with you… Why won't you just listen to my words? I honestly don't want to fight with you… I really am no match for you!"

"Your body has reached its limit? You are no match for me?" Hong Yang touched the two swollen palm print on his cheeks, and his head nearly exploded.

You call this reaching your limit?

Doesn't that mean that if you haven't reached your limit, I would have already been killed by you?

Can you just stop humblebragging? My heart really can't take it anymore!

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